X-MEN

TALES FROM THE AGE OF APOCALYPSE

THE PERFECT PRIMER TO THE EVENT THAT SHOCKED THE COMICS-READING WORLD!

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MARVEL

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X-MEN TALES FROM THE AGE OF APOCALYPSE

THE ASTONISHING X-MEN #1

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MARVEL® COMICS

MAR • 1

X-MEN® • DELUXE •

THE ASTONISHING X-MEN®

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

MADUREIRA

ENTER NOW...

THE AGE OF APOCALYPSE

It begins with the breaking of a man's heart...

...and a searing of his soul.

ERIK LEHNSHERR--known throughout the world as MAGNETO, founder of the ASTONISHING X-MEN--

--the last bastion of hope in a world split asunder by the ravages of a eugenics war between humans and mutants --

--knows exactly what it is he's asking of his homo superior comrades this day.

He's asking them to die.

I'M NOT EVEN GOING TO *TRY* TO *SUGARCOAT* THIS, MY FRIENDS.

ANYONE WILLING TO TAKE PART IN THIS *RAID*, ISN'T LIKELY TO *MAKE* IT BACK *ALIVE*.

JA. SO?

I THINK WHAT KURT IS TRYING TO SAY, FATHER--

--IS "HOW IS THIS MISSION ANY DIFFERENT FROM ANY OTHER?"

ICEMAN

QUICKSILVER

AS IF LIVING IS ANY GREAT SHAKES?

SOMETHIN'S GOT YER SPANDEX RIDIN' UP YOUR BACKSIDE, MAGNETO--

--AN' WE'VE ALL BEEN TOGETHER LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW IT HAS TO DO WITH MORE THAN YER MASSIVE SENTINEL EVAC OFF THE COAST OF MAINE.

SABRETOOTH

YEAH... SNORT SNORT... GRRR.

MORPH, PLEASE.

NO ONE'S AMUSED.

MORPH

STORM

WHAT'S WITH ALL THE WOOL GATHERING, LADS?

BANSHEE

YE SHOULD ALL ACCEPT BY NOW THAT ERIK WON'T BE SPILLING A SINGLE BEAN 'TIL HE'S READY.

IF WE CAN'T TRUST OUR FEARLESS FOUNDER AND PEERLESS LEADER, MEIN FREUNDS...

NICHT WAHR? WHO CAN WE TRUST?

NIGHTCRAWLER

STAN LEE PRESENTS THE MOST OUTRAGEOUS X-MEN STORY EVER...

ONCE MORE, with Feeling

SCOTT LOBDELL WRITER

JOE MADUREIRA PENCILER

DAN GREEN AND TIM TOWNSEND INKERS

CHRIS ELIOPOULOS LETTERS

STEVE BUCCELLATO COLORS

BOB HARRAS HOT SEAT

SEPARATIONS: DIGITAL CHAMELEON

Yesterday....

Today...

Tomorrow....

...they are the ASTONISHING X-MEN!

"TRUST", KURT?

THAT IS EXACTLY WHY I AM SO... CONCERNED.

I HAVE RECENTLY COME ACROSS INFORMATION...*

... THAT I BELIEVE IS... IRREFUTABLE...

... THAT HAS PROMPTED ME TO QUESTION NOT ONLY EVERYTHING WE STAND FOR, MY X-MEN--

--BUT OUR VERY EXISTENCE AS INDIVIDUALS.

*SEE X-MEN ALPHA.

NOT JUST OUR PLACE IN THE WORLD--

--BUT RATHER IF THIS WORLD SHOULD EXIST AT ALL.

YER KIDDIN', 'RIK? YOU GOIN' METAPHYSICAL ON US?

YEAH. FSST! FSST!

SABRETOOTH IS RIGHT, MAGNETO.

YOU CANNOT POSSIBLY BE THIS UPSET OVER THE RAMBLINGS OF THE STRANGER, BISHOP-- ONE LONE MADMAN?

SIR, WE'VE ALL GROWN WEARY OF THIS NEVER-ENDING WAR AGAINST APOCALYPSE AND HIS FORCES--

--BUT TO ADD CREDENCE TO BISHOP'S CLAIM THIS IS ALL SOME SORT OF COSMIC... ACCIDENT?

GRRR

BWHAM!

KNOCK IT OFF, MORPH!

TO ENTERTAIN SUCH THOUGHTS IS...

IS WHAT, PIETRO?

MADNESS?

AND IS IT ANY LESS MAD TO BELIEVE A HANDFUL OF MUTANTS MIGHT SAVE AN ENTIRE WORLD?

BLINK!

VAS-- A TRANSPORTAL ?!

THIS DON'T LOOK GOOD, GANG.

BUT WHO WOULD--

--BLINK?!

GANGWAY, PEOPLE!

CRITICALLY WOUNDED MUTANT CHEESECAKE, EN ROUTE!

SLAM!

WOLFN!

WOMAN, ARE YOU--

--INSANE?! BY TELEPORTING DIRECTLY INTO THE MANSION, YOU COULD LEAD APOCALYPSE'S FORCES DIRECTLY TO US!

YEAH, WELL-- ME AND SUNFIRE KIND OF HAD OTHER PRIORITIES AT THE MOMENT I DECIDED TO VAMOOSE, KURT!

BAMF!

BAMF!

SHIRO?! WHAT HAPPENED TO SUNFIRE?

RELAX, BLUE.

HE SHOULD BE ALONG ANY MINUTE.

AS IN "INCOMING!"

CHILD, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOU--?!

WOOF

MEIN GOTT-- SUNFIRE?!

I'M SAYING, SIR, WE WERE IN THE *MIDDLE* OF A *FIGHT* WITH AN *INFINITE*.

WE *WEREN'T* WINNING.

BAM!

SO YOU CAME HERE, CLARICE?

YOU MADE THE *RIGHT* DECISION.

ALTHOUGH YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO *ENJOY* IT, IF MY *WEATHER POWER* DOES NOT *DISPERSE* SHIRO'S *AFTERBLAST!*

STORMY-- WAIT--ANY CHANCE I CAN *CHARBROIL* MORPH BEFORE YOU *DOUSE* THE FLAME?

VICTOR?!

I'M TEASING, O.

MOSTLY.

BACK, EVERYONE--

--HIS POWER IS OUT OF CONTROL!

RRREENNT

FORTUNATELY MY MASTERY OF MAGNETISM IS NOT!

SHIRO, LISTEN TO ME!

YOU MUST CALM YOURSELF-- YOU MUST REASSERT CONTROL OVER YOUR POWER.

LOOK! HIS FLAME... DAMPENING?

SOMEHOW HE'S POWERING DOWN!

DON'T BOTHER THANKING ME, PEOPLES...

...YOU'RE WELCOME.

LOOK AGAIN, KURT. IF OUR BREATH IS ANY INDICATION--

--IT IS THE AIR AROUND HIM THAT IS CHANGING.

BUT SOMEONE REALLY OUGHTTA TURN AROUND AN' TAKE A LOOK AT THE PORTAL!

THERE YOU ARE, BLINK! WITH THE REST OF YOUR GENETIC TURNCOATS!

VAS?! ONE OF THE PRELATES?!

MUST'VE F-FOLLOWED ME THROUGH...

BOO HOO, CLARICE... NOW GET OVER IT!

WHERE THERE'S ONE, THERE'S BOUND TO BE OTHERS!

HIS TOUCH-- BURNS!

C-CAN'T CONCENTRATE TO 'PORT!

SSSST!

TSSST!

AT LONG LAST, WE'VE DISCOVERED THE X-MEN'S MOST RECENT BASE!

TO THINK, BLINK-- WE COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT YOU.

TELL ME, WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?

"SORRY, GUYS."

AND "SEE YA."

BLINK-- YOUR EYE GLOWING!? NO--!!

--YOU'RE CLOSING THE PORTAL?!

BUT WHAT HAPPENS TO--?!

SPROOCH!

THAT WAS THE "SEE YA" PART.

I UNDERSTAND THE GIRL'S BEHAVIOR, SHIRO, BUT WHAT COULD POSSESS YOU TO RISK EXPOSING OUR--

PIETRO, PLEASE ALLOW HIM TO CATCH HIS BREATH.

SUNFIRE IS NO COWARD. IF HE CAME HERE, IT WAS FOR A REASON.

A DARKER REASON THAN YOU COULD IMAGINE, SIR.

THE LATEST REPORTED CULLING-- THE ONE IN SEATTLE * APOCALYPSE CLAIMED IGNORANCE IN LIGHT OF THE KELLY PACT, DID HE NOT?

HE PROMISED TO PUNISH ALL THOSE INVOLVED.

BLINK AND I JUST DISCOVERED HE WAS LYING.

THE CULLINGS HAVE BEGUN AGAIN. IN EARNEST.

THEY'RE BEING CARRIED OUT, PERSONALLY, BY APOCALYPSE'S SON...

... HOLOCAUST.

* X-MEN ALPHA. --BOB

MANHATTAN.

More accurately, what is left of MANHATTAN--

--the first AMERICAN city to fall beneath the boot heel of the "man" some call APOCALYPSE...

...he who is also EN SABAH NUR--the genetic overlord dedicated to seeing mutantkind achieve its destiny...

...even if it means building that destiny upon a mountain of humanity's dead.

Inside...

SKRUNCH

SKRUNCH

SKRUNCH

M'LORD?

COME, REX.

SKRUNCH

SKRUNCH

SKRUNCH

SKRUNCH

SKRITCH.

MY LORD... THESE SKULLS?!

H-HUMANS?

OF COURSE.

THERE M-MUST BE HUNDREDS?!

THOUSANDS, REX.

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS, ACTUALLY.

I FIND THE AROMA...

...SOOTHING.

THEY WERE THE WEAK... AND SUCH IS THEIR FATE.

BUT SPEAK, MUTANT--YOU ARE NOT HERE TO DISCUSS MY... AFFECTATIONS, ARE YOU?

NO, M'LORD.

I WANTED YOU TO BE AWARE... NOT THAT YOU AREN'T AWARE OF EVERYTHING ANY WAY... BUT I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW, I MEAN, FOR SURE, THAT--

REX...

...DELGADO MADE IT THROUGH THE GIRL'S PORTAL, AS YOU ASSUMED HE WOULD...

...AND JUST AS YOU, IN YOUR BRILLIANCE, PREDICTED, THEY SEALED IT ON THE POOR WEAK FOOL AS WELL.

DID YOU PIN-POINT THEIR LOCATION?

NOT YET, SIR...

...BUT IT'S CERTAIN ONLY TO BE A MATTER OF TIME.

M'LORD... YOUR FACE?!

WHAT'S WRONG?

NOTHING, REX.

IT'S A SMILE.

At that moment...

...somewhere in the DEAD ZONE, formerly WEST-CHESTER COUNTY--

-- sits a collection of decaying buildings that once comprised a home.

A mansion.

The estate of the long dead CHARLES XAVIER.

Currently, the headquarters of the wandering nomads called the X-MEN.

CHICAGO?

BUT THAT CITY WAS CONDEMNED YEARS AGO-- EVEN BY HUMAN STANDARDS.

WE KNOW WHAT WE SAW, ROGUE.

ENOUGH =COUGH= IF YOU...

...WON'T RETURN WITH US...

...WE'LL GO =COUGH= ALONE.

Y'ALL DO NO SUCH THING--YA CAIN'T BARELY STAND, SHIRO!

ROGUE -- I LOST MY ENTIRE COUNTRY TO HOLOCAUST ...

...EVERYONE I EVER LOVED...

... EVERYONE WHO EVER DEPENDED ON ME.

I WILL DIE BEFORE I SEE HIM VISIT ANOTHER SUCH HORROR UPON THIS WORLD.

DAT'S WHAT I LIKE T'HEAR, MON AMI.

NOTHING LIKE A GOOD SUICIDE MISSION TO START THE DAY OFF RIGHT.

MAYBE, AFTER WE STOP DE CULLINGS, WE CAN LIBERATE DE PITS AND OVER-THROW THE BIG 'A' ALTOGETHER?

'COURSE, DAT DON'T LEAVE MUCH FOR DE AFTERNOON, BUT...

REMY!! Y--YOU'RE STILL HERE?

YEAH, I THOUGHT THE MAGSTER SENT YOU AND YOUR LITTLE GROUP O' X-TERNALS ON SOME SECRET MISSION?

DAT HE DID, LADIES.

BUT IT'D BE THE HEIGHT OF RUDENESS TO LEAVE--

--WITHOUT BIDDING A PROPER ADIEU.

SINCE WHEN DO YOU CARE ABOUT BEING RU--

BLINK, PLEASE.

'SCUSE US A MOMENT.

I THOUGHT SHE WAS OVER THAT CAJUN JERK.

SHE IS.

AS MUCH AS ONE CAN BE.

SEEING AS WE WON'T BE SEEING EACH OTHER AGAIN, I DON'T S'PPOSE YOU'D CONSENT TO A KISS GOOD-BYE?

ONE FOR DE ROAD?

REMY, PLEASE.

I'M MARRIED. TO YOUR BEST FRIEND.

AH... PROBABLY WON'T BE HERE WHEN YA' GET BACK.

YOU'RE GOIN' WIT' DEM-- T'STOP DE UNSTOP-PABLE?

OR DIE TRYING, SUGAH.

NO BIG T'ING, CHERE.

DON'T KNOW HOW WE'RE EVEN SUPPOSED TO GET TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE UNIVERSE FOR THIS "M'KRANN CRYSTAL" T'ING DAT BISHOP FELLA KEEPS BABBLIN' 'BOUT--

--LET ALONE GETTIN' BACK.

SO.

SO.

AH GUESS THIS IS IT.

I GUESS SO.

HE WAS MY BEST FRIEND, CHERE.

BUT DAT ALL CHANGED A LONG, LONG TIME AGO.

=Sigh=

WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH YOU, REMY LEBEAU?

I HAVE A LIST--

--BUT I LEFT IT IN MY OTHER PANTS.

MOMMA?!

CHARLES?!

BLINK, WHAT--?!

NANNY'S BEING UP-GRADED--IN PREPARATION FOR THE SENTINEL-EVAC.

THOUGHT, AS HIS MOTHER YOU'D WANT TO KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR SON--

--SINCE HIS FATHER, YOUR HUSBAND, IS BUSY PREPPING THE OTHERS.

UNLESS YOU WANT ME TO--

NO. THANK YOU, CLARICE.

REMY, GOOD LUCK.

ALWAYS, CHERE.

ALWAYS.

FEEL BETTER, P'TITE?

NOT WHILE YOU'RE STILL ALIVE.

GOOD NEWS, 'DEN--

--'CAUSE IT DON'T LOOK LIKE I'M GOING T'BE DAT WAY FOR MUCH LONGER.

Several floors above...

IS THIS WHERE IT BEGAN FOR YOU, OLD FRIEND?

IS THIS WHERE YOU CAME, AS A CHILD, TO DREAM YOUR DREAMS SO LONG AGO, CHARLES XAVIER?

YOU'D LOOK UP AT THE STARS-- CONVINCED YOU COULD CHANGE THE ENTIRE WORLD.

IN ISRAEL, IN OUR YOUTH, I ONCE QUESTIONED JUST HOW MUCH ONE MAN WAS CAPABLE OF ACCOMPLISHING.

BY YOUR ABSENCE, YOU'VE ANSWERED THAT QUESTION.

YOU REALIZE WHAT IT IS THEY'RE TRYING TO DO?

KURT?

HE AND HIS SON, *HOLOCAUST*, ARE DOING *EVERY-THING* THEY CAN TO *DIVIDE* OUR FORCES...

...ON *THIS*, THE EVE OF OUR *MOST AMBITIOUS EFFORT* EVER.

A *QUESTION*, OLD FRIEND.

JA.

NOTHING WILL STOP US FROM WORKING WITH THE *EURASIAN HIGH COUNSEL* TO *LIBERATE* THE HUMAN POPULACE ALONG THE *NORTH EASTERN COAST.* *

REST ASSURED, *WE* WILL--

IT IS MORE THAN *THAT*, ERIK. IT IS THIS "BISHOP" FELLOW THEY HAVE *PLANTED*, IN ORDER TO PROMPT YOU TO *DOUBT*--

--*YOU* WHO NEVER DOUBTED *ALL THESE YEARS.*

DO YOU *TRUST* ME, KURT?

THIS IS WHY YOU'VE ASKED ME AND *MY MOTHER* TO TRACK DOWN A WOMAN NAMED *DESTINY* IN A PLACE THAT MAY OR MAY NOT EXIST.**

MORE THAN I TRUST THE *SUN* TO *RISE* IN THE *MORROW.*

FROM WHAT I UNDERSTAND, *PETER* AND *KATYA* HAVE BEEN *DISPATCHED**** TO *SEATTLE* TO--

THEN TRUST ME WHEN I SAY--

--THAT I AM LESS AFRAID OF BISHOP *BEING* A *HOAX*--

--THAN I AM THAT HE REPRESENTS THE *TRUTH.*

* *AMAZING X-MEN* #1
** *X-CALIBRE* #1.
*** *GENERATION NEXT* #1.--
BOB

"AT THE MOMENT CHARLES XAVIER DIED SAVING ME--

"-- KILLED BY A *LUNATIC* CALLING HIMSELF *LEGION* --

"-- I WAS DEALING WITH MY *OWN* INJURIES.

"AS SUCH, I HAVE ONLY THE *VAGUEST* RECOLLECTION:

"A BLACK MAN ON THE *PERIPHERY*--

"-- WHO MUST HAVE *WANDERED* AWAY IN THE *AFTERMATH*.

"MY *ONLY* CONCERN WAS FOR MY FRIEND.

"CRADLING HIS *LIFELESS* BODY IN MY ARMS, I MADE A *PROMISE* TO THE MAN --

"-- A PROMISE, I *DON'T DOUBT*, WHICH CHANGED THE *DIRECTION* OF MY *ENTIRE* LIFE."

A PROMISE TO MAKE THE WORLD A *BETTER* PLACE.

A PROMISE *I WILL SEE KEPT*... ESPECIALLY NOW, WHEN IT SEEMS THERE *WAS* ANOTHER WAY... THAT XAVIER WAS *NEVER* MEANT TO DIE AND ALL THIS... NIGHTMARE... CAN BE UNDONE.

AND YOU WOULD SACRIFICE *THIS* WORLD COMPLETELY?

EVEN IF IT MEANS GIVING UP *OUR* LIVES AND THAT OF THOSE WE *LOVE*?

YES, KURT... *EVEN IF*.

GOD HELP US ALL... EVEN IF.

In the hangar bay...

I DON'T GET IT. IF WE'RE GOING TO GO ANY-WHY... WHY DON'T I JUST BLINK US THERE?!

BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT HOLOCAUST WILL NO DOUBT BE *EXPECTING*, DARLIN...

AN' BECAUSE SUNFIRE WOULD *NEVER* BE ABLE TO *SURVIVE* THE PROCESS. WE'LL BE BETTER OFF IF AH USE MY MAGNETIC POWERS TO FERRY THE SHUTTLE THERE.

I KNOW YOU HATE *HEARING* THIS, BUT YOU'RE NOT *NEARLY* AS *TALENTED* AS YOU LIKE TO *THINK* YOU ARE.

THE SAME COULD BE SAID FOR YOU, "*MOTHER*".

OR DID YOU HONESTLY BELIEVE YOU COULD *LEAVE* WITHOUT ANYONE *KNOWING*?

QUICKSILVER, AH *LEFT WORD* WITH--

ROGUE, THIS IS *INSANITY*. TO THINK THE *THREE* OF YOU CAN STOP A CULLING BY *YOURSELVES*!

SO WHO SAYS THEY'RE ON THEIR OWN?

VICTOR?! YOU--?!

--HAVE GOT A LOT TO *ATONE* FOR, PETE... OR DID YOU FORGET *ME* AND THE KID HERE USED TO *RUN* WITH HOLOCAUST?

'SIDES *NOBODY* LIVES FOREVER.

THANK YOU, CREED.

I AIN'T *DOIN'* IT FOR YOU, *GIRLIE*.

BUT WHAT THEY *HEY*-- YER *WELCOME* ANY WAY.

IT SHOULD BE *CLEAR*, MY SON... IT ISN'T *POSSIBLE* TO DECIDE WHICH IS *MORE IMPORTANT*--

--THE *EVACUATION* OR THE *CULLING*.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER IF A HUNDRED THOUSAND HUMANS MAKE IT *ACROSS* THE SEA TO *EURASIA*...

...IF AN *EQUAL AMOUNT* ARE FELLED BY HOLOCAUST AND HIS *HOMICIDAL HORDES*?

I CAN... WALK...

...ON MY... *OWN*.

OF *COURSE* YOU CAN, *SHIRO*.

...IF I AM... GOING TO *DIE*... *THIS* DAY...

...I'LL DO IT *STANDING UP*.

I'M LEAVING THE *REST* OF THE X-MEN IN *YOUR CARE*, PIETRO.

YOU...?

BUT FATHER *YOUR PLACE* IS--

--HERE, *YES*.

ANY OTHER DAY OF THE YEAR.

BUT THESE ARE *DIRE TIMES*. IF WE *DON'T* MAKE IT BACK--

-- I'M GOING TO NEED YOU TO REMIND THE *OTHERS* ABOUT *OUR GOALS*.

TO REMIND THEM... *NO SACRIFICE* IS TOO *GREAT*.

BUT *MOST* OF ALL--

--REMIND THEM TO *FLOSS*.

OF COURSE... *SIR*.

DID YOU SAY... "*FLOSS*"?

!?!

YOU KNOW, PETEY, FOR THE FASTEST MUTANT IN THE WORLD--

--YOU CAN BE PRETTY SLOW ON THE UPTAKE! I THOUGHT FOR SURE THAT "HOMICIDAL HORDES" WAS A DEAD GIVEAWAY!

MORPH?!

SMACKEROONIE!

HOW CAN YOU NOT LOVE A GUY LIKE THIS?!

SO HELP ME, YOU HAD BETTER HOPE YOU DON'T COME BACK!

AWWW, YOU DON'T MEAN THAT!

WHO ELSE WOULD SERVE YOU BREAK-FAST IN BED EVERY MORN-ING?

YOU HAVE NEVER SERVED ME BREAKFAST IN BED!

NOT FOR LACK OF TRYING, Q.

WASN'T IT JUST YESTER-DAY--

--HE WAS THAT MOROSE LIL' CHANGELING?

YES.

POSSESSED OF THE UGLIEST PURPLE HEAD-PIECED COSTUME EVER.

IT WAS PRETTY HIDEOUS.

WHAT DID FATHER USED TO SAY?

"ANY SHAPE IMAGINABLE AND YOU CHOSE THAT?!"

HA HA HA HA HA HA...

DID YOU SAY GOOD-BYE TO MY FATHER ?

NO.

I'LL **NEVER** SAY "GOOD-BYE" --

-- BECAUSE THAT WOULD IMPLY WE'D NEVER SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN.

AND THAT WILL NEVER HAPPEN.

GODSPEED, ROGUE.

THANK YOU, PIETRO.

WE'LL BE BACK.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

...WHY ARE THEY... THROWING THEIR LIVES AWAY? WHAT THEY PROPOSE TO DO... WOULD SEEM IMPOSSIBLE.

YOU NEED TO ASK, BISHOP?

YOU WHO CLAIM TO COME FROM A PLACE WHERE THE SACRED XAVIER AND HIS X-MEN HAVE ACTUALLY MADE A DIFFERENCE?

IS THIS THEN, THE REALITY YOU'RE ASKING US TO RECREATE--A WORLD POPULATED BY COWARDS?

THERE IS MUCH I CAN'T... CLEARLY RECALL.

JUST THAT THIS PLACE IS... WRONG.

SO YOU'VE SAID, BUT *WHY* DO YOU KNOW THESE THINGS? WHY OF *EVERYONE* ON THIS MISBEGOTTEN PLANET DO *YOU* HAVE VISIONS OF THIS DIFFERENT WAY?

THIS MAY NOT BE MUCH OF A WORLD--

--MAY NOT EVEN BE THE WORLD IT IS *SUPPOSED* TO BE--

--BUT IT IS OUR WORLD NONETHELESS.

AND WE WILL FIGHT FOR IT.

INDEED.

AND I'M CERTAIN THE PROFESSOR WOULDN'T HAVE IT ANY OTHER WAY.

TO BE CONTINUED: THE CULLING

MARVEL COMICS

MAR • 1

X-MEN

• DELUXE •

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

WEAPON X

ENTER NOW...

THE AGE OF APOCALYPSE

ADAM KUBERT

"OH, BY THE WAY," THEY SAID, "WOULD YOU MIND DOING US A FAVOR WHILE YOU'RE WAITING?"

SOME FAVOR.

I FIGURE THE *HUMAN HIGH COUNCIL* OWES US *BIG TIME*.

ROUST THE *HIGH LORD* OVER *ONE* PIDDLING *SENTINEL* ??

YOU WANT US *ALL* SENT TO THE *CAMPS*?

OR WORSE YET, THE *RECYCLING VATS...*?

THIS IS *SENSOR CONTROL CENTER*, SECTOR FIVE MID-ATLANTIC SEA WALL...

...WE HAVE AN ENHANCED VISUAL COMPOSITE ON THE INCOMING INTRUDER--

-- IT APPEARS TO BE A *SENTINEL* CARRYING TWO *UNKNOWN HUMANOIDS!*

YOUR DIRECTORSHIP, THE INITIAL SENSOR SCAN ON THE TWO UNKNOWN HUMANOIDS INDICATES THEY ARE *ALPHA-CLASS RENEGADE MUTANTS--!*

TWO ALPHAS?

ALERT *CENTRAL! LORD APOCALYPSE* MUST BE *NOTIFIED*--

UNFORGIVEN TRESPASSES

STAN LEE PRESENTS AN ALL-NEW WORLD FOR THE AMAZING X-MEN--

"...THE GREAT SEA WALL OF THE LORD APOCALYPSE CAN REPULSE TEN THOUSAND SENTINELS--

"--OR WHATEVER RAG-TAG RENEGADE MUTANTS THE PATHETIC HUMAN HIGH COUNCIL CAN MUSTER!

"BUT, TWO ALPHAS--!

"--THINK OF THE DAMAGE THEY CAN INFLICT!!"

"YOUR DIRECTORSHIP, THE SENTINEL MUST BE RUNNING A FIFTH GENERATION PASSIVE ECM SUITE! IT IS EVADING ALL WEAPONS TRACKING SYSTEMS AND HAS PENETRATED OUR INNER PERIMETER!"

"PUT IN A REQUEST THROUGH CHANNELS FOR AN ALPHA OF OUR OWN. ASK FOR A PRIORITY TELEPORTATION, BUT DON'T RED-FLAG IT, KEEP IT CHILLY!"

THIS UNIT'S ELECTRONIC COUNTER-MEASURE SUITE HAS EXCEEDED OVERLOAD PARAMETERS ON A TERMINAL CURVE!

WHAT'S THAT IN PLAIN-SPEAK, JEAN?

THE RADAR-JAMMER JUST FRIED ITSELF, LOGAN--

LARRY HAMA--SCRIPT ADAM KUBERT--BREAKDOWNS
KARL KESEL, DAN GREEN, CHRIS WARNER--FINISHES
PAT BROSSEAU--LETTERING MIKE THOMAS--COLORING
BOB HARRAS--EDITOR

--FROM HERE ON IN, I'M AFRAID THE LASER AND PLASMA BEAM TRIPLE 'A' IS GOING TO BE A GOOD DEAL MORE *ACCURATE!*

MAYBE THIS OL' *SENTINEL* SHOULD COMMENCE *BOBBIN'* AND *WEAVIN'* IF WE WANNA MAKE IT TO THE TARGET IN ONE PIECE!

THIS UNIT HAS BEEN PROGRAMMED TO OVERRIDE STRUCTURAL PRESERVATION PROCEDURES...

...THIS UNIT HAS BEEN PRIORITIZED TO DELIVER TWO MUTANTS WITH TEMPORARY TERMINATION AMNESTY TO MID-ATLANTIC SEA WALL SECTION FIVE RADAR CONTROL CENTER--

--AT ALL COSTS!

SCHRAM!

YOU DID YOUR JOB, SENTINEL, YOU GOT US HERE--

--NOW IT'S UP TO *LOGAN* AND ME TO *FINISH* THE MISSION!

DIDJA CATCH WHAT THE BIG LUG SAID, DARLIN'--?

--HE SAID OUR TERMINATION AMNESTIES WERE *TEMPORARY!*

THE *HIGH COUNCIL* SURE KNOWS HOW TO KEEP IT CLOSE TO THE VEST!

WE *AGREED* TO DO THIS MISSION FOR THEM WHILE THEY WERE MAKING UP THEIR MINDS ABOUT THE INFORMATION WE BROUGHT THEM*--

JUST *GRIPIN'*, DARLIN'-- JUST GRIPIN'--

--DIDJA MEMORIZE THE *SCHEMATICS* TO THIS PILE O' STAINLESS STEEL?

*SEE *X-MEN: ALPHA*.--BOB.

STRAIGHT *DOWN* SEVEN LEVELS, LOGAN!

BETTER *HURRY*. THE *SENTINEL* ISN'T GOING TO BE ABLE TO COVER US MUCH LONGER!

SHRRIPP!

I'M ON THE CASE, DARLIN'!

SOMETHIN' COBBLED TOGETHER BY *APOCALYPSE'S* MAIN GOON, *SINISTER*, IN AN EXTRA-LARGE GENETIC PROCESSING TANK.

STAY UP THERE FOR A SEC, JEAN--

--THERE'S SOMETHIN' *LURKIN'* IN THE DARK HERE--

SZSZSZRR!

MONDO UGLY IS MORE LIKE IT.

--AND IT AIN'T A *PRETTY SIGHT!*

LOOKS TO BE A *BALROG-CLASS META-CYBORG.*

COME *ON*, YA STINKIN' *VAT-SPAWN--!*

--EAT ADAMANTIUM AND DIE!!!

SLRRRT!

PSI-BLAST--!? JEAN--

SHOOOOM!

SCREEEE!!

--I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU--!

THIS IS *NO* TIME FOR GRAND-STANDING, LOGAN--

--OUR WINDOW OF OPPORTUNITY IS CLOSING FAST-- AND A TELEKINETIC BURST SEEMED TO BE THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP ON A SCHEDULE!

WHEN YOU'RE RIGHT, PRETTY LADY, YOU'RE RIGHT. HOW'S THAT SENTINEL HOLD-IN' UP...?

"...CAN HE GO THE DISTANCE?"

WAVE FLUCTUA-TIONS...

...OZONE INCREASE--

SZVAAP!

...ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PULSE WAVE COMPEN-SATING FOR THE *MAGNETO* EFFECT...

CONCLUSION: APOCALYPSE'S TRANSPORT BEAM!

CENTRAL TELEPORTED US AN *ALPHA!*

WE'VE GOT A *SENTINEL* PINNED DOWN ON THE WEATHER DECK--!

IS THAT *ALL*--?

YOU HAD ME GO THROUGH MOLECULAR DISINCORPORATION, RISK THE E.M. DISTORTION WAVE *AND* RISK CELLULAR-MAPPING RECONSTRUCTION--

SOHAKK!

SKREEEEE!

LOGAN--! I'M PICKING UP SOMETHING TELEPATHICALLY!

THERE'S A POWERFUL PRESENCE DESCENDING ON US! IT'S INCREDIBLY FAMILIAR--AND VERY, *VERY* DANGEROUS!

--TO DEAL WITH ONE *PALTRY SENTINEL* ??

I THOUGHT THIS WAS AN *EMERGENCY!*

THERE ARE *ALSO* TWO-ALPHA CLASS RENEGADES, PRELATE!

THEY'RE HEADING DOWN TO THE CONTROL CENTER--

THOK!

AND YOU DIDN'T TRANSMIT A *CODE RED* TO *LORD APOCALYPSE??*

YOU'LL ALL BE LUCKY TO BE RECYCLED AS *TOXIC-WASTE HANDLER DRONES!*

THEY MUST'VE CALLED IN A *HEAVY HITTER.*

I *THOUGHT* I SAW A TRANSPORT BEAM ANTENNA UP THERE--

TWO ALPHAS ?

WE'LL GIVE HIM THE OL' DOUBLE WHAMMY; *CLAWS* AND *PSI-BLASTS*--

NO!

YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP GOING AND TAKE OUT THE *CONTROL CENTER* FOR THIS SECTOR!

I'LL HOLD THE LINE HERE.

GO.

I'M COMIN' BACK FOR YA, DARLIN'.

I KNOW YOU WILL, LOGAN.

KA-THOOM!

HAVOK!

YOU...! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN...

WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE *ESCAPEE* FROM THE *BREEDING PENS!*

MY BROTHER *SCOTT* IS JUST *DYING* TO LAY EYES--

--OR SHOULD I SAY, *EYE* ON *YOU!*

WHERE'S YOUR HAIRY BOY-FRIEND?

I'D LOVE TO MAKE A PRESENT OF HIS OTHER *HAND* TO MY DEAR SIBLING...!

"...ADAMANTIUM CLAWS AND ALL!"

SNIKT!

SCHRAAK!

KISS YOUR TOYS GOODBYE, TECHNOIDS--

--I'M SENDIN' 'EM ALL TO SCRAP-CITY!

FORM UP AGAINST THE SWITCHING CONSOLE! IF HE DAMAGES THAT, THE WHOLE SECTION GOES DOWN--!

I COULDN'T GET BETTER HELP IF I ASKED INFINITES!

THEY LINE UP TO GET RIPPED--

--AND THEY POINT OUT THE TARGET!!

SCHRIIP!

WHERE *IS* HE, BREEDER SOW?

SHAKT!

WHERE'S YOUR DISGUSTING LITTLE PARAMOUR?

WHY--?

--DO YOU WANT HIM TO GOUGE YOUR EYE OUT SO YOU AND YOUR BROTHER CAN BE A *MATCHING SET?*

FOR A DNA REPOSITORY, YOU'VE GOT WIT.

TOO BAD I HAVE TO--

WHU--

SUMMERS!

YOU'RE NOT THE SUMMERS BROTHER I *REALLY* WANNA STOMP, BUT YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S *HERE!*

I MIGHT JUST LEAVE ENOUGH O' YOU TO GO CRAWLIN' BACK TO MR. ONE-EYE-*CYCLOPS* AS *PAYBACK* FOR THIS MISSIN' *HAND* O' MINE--!

KA-

SLAM

WE'RE RUNNING *LATE,* LOGAN!

AW, *JEAN* --

THERE'S NO TIME FOR *REVENGE*--

--THE SENTINEL HAS BEEN FIGHTING A HOLDING ACTION WHILE IMPLEMENTING HIS SELF-REPAIR PROGRAM!

IT LOOKS LIKE THE *RE-PAIRS* AIN'T KEEPIN' UP WITH THE *DAMAGE*!

THIS UNIT HAS PRIORITIZED TURBINE AND FLIGHT SYSTEMS REPAIR TO FACILITATE EXTRACTION--

THEN CRANK UP YOUR THRUSTERS AND *FLY*, BUB!

LOGAN-- *LOOK!*

WHEN YOU'RE WRONG, PRETTY LADY, YOU'RE *WAY* WRONG!

I *KNEW* I SHOULD'VE STOPPED HIS CLOCK--

THIS UNITS THREAT ANALYSIS SUITE DETECTS ALPHA CLASSIFICATION MUTANT CLOSING AT 27.3 KPH--

RENEGADE TRAITOR FILTH!!

I'M GOING TO REDUCE YOU TO COMPOSITE MOLECULES--!

SSSHH:

SSSHH:

ALPHA-CLASS THREAT NEUTRALIZATION ACTIVATED.

FOOSH!

WHUZZIS--?

EEEEYAA--!!

"THE TRANSPORTER--!"

THOOMP!

"--HE'S TELEPORTING HAVOK OUT OF HERE!"

"HOPE IT'S WHERE THE SUN DON'T SHINE, DARLIN'..."

...LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOIN' AGAINST THE TRAFFIC TODAY!

IT'S THE GREAT AIRLIFT,* LOGAN...

*SEE AMAZING X-MEN #1--BOB.

...WHAT VERY WELL MAY BE THE LAST HOPE FOR THE *HUMANS* LEFT IN *APOCALYPSE'S EMPIRE!*

LOOK AT IT, LOGAN--SENTINELS AND TRANSPORTS AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE! THE EUROPEANS REACHING OUT TO OUR PEOPLE!

DOESN'T IT GIVE YOU *HOPE?*

ALL THEM FOLKS AIN'T SAFE IN EUROPE YET, DARLIN'--

--AND NEITHER ARE *WE,* FOR THAT MATTER!

Across the ATLANTIC in the domain of APOCALYPSE...

--STAY YOUR REPORT, CYCLOPS; AN ENTIRE SCANNING SECTOR JUST WENT OFF-LINE ON THE ATLANTIC SEA WALL!

I WANT HOLO-DISPLAYS OF RECTIFIED SITUATIONS, NOT ON-GOING FAILURES!

RECYCLE ALL RESPONSIBLE INFINITES!

--YOU WERE SAYING, CYCLOPS?

MY LORD-- AS FAR AS WE CAN TELL--

--AND INCREDIBLE AS THIS SOUNDS--

--SINISTER HAS TRANSMITTED VITAL INFORMATION ABOUT YOUR PLANS TO THE HUMAN HIGH COUNCIL VIA TWO MUTANT COURIERS--

INDEED? I AM IM-PRESSED.

IT SEEMS MY LOYAL WORM HAS GROWN LEGS AND LEARNED TO CRAWL!

HE CAN'T CRAWL FAST ENOUGH TO ESCAPE, LORD.

WE ARE ROUSTING ALL HIS KNOWN CRONIES AND SCOURING THE CONTINENT--

YOU NEEDN'T BE TOO DILIGENT IN THIS MATTER, SUMMERS...

...I HAVE TAKEN STEPS OF MY OWN.

WOULD IT BE IM-PRUDENT OF ME--

YES.

-- FORGIVE THE INTERRUPTION, LORD APOCALYPSE!

A TRANSPORTER BEAM **MISHAP** HAS RESULTED IN **HAVOK** BEING **FUSED** WITH A **SENTINEL HAND** ON A MOLECULAR LEVEL!

HE'S IN NO CONDITION TO GIVE A REPORT ON THE PROBLEM IN SECTOR FIVE, BUT HE KEEPS RAVING ABOUT THE **ONE-HANDED MUTANT!**

YES, LORD.

IS THAT A BONE-SAW, DR. McCOY?

DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

A ONE-HANDED MUTANT? NOW **WHO** COULD THAT **BE?** HAVE YOU THE FOGGIEST CLUE, **HOLO-CAUST?**

YOUR VOICE TIRES ME, **ABYSS.**

WE ALL KNOW THAT'S THE VERY ONE THAT SUMMERS HAS BEEN KEEPING AN **EYE OUT** FOR...

LOGAN!!

I SWEAR I'LL RIP HIS **HEART** OUT--!

ENOUGH OF YOUR PETTY RIVALRIES. WE MUST DISCOVER **WHAT** WAS SO IMPORTANT ABOUT A MINOR RAID THAT REQUIRED THE PRESENCE OF THE IN-EXORABLE **WEAPON X** HIMSELF--

--AND UN-DOUBTEDLY HIS SOUL-MATE, THE INEFFABLE **JEAN GREY?**

COULD **THEY** BE THE COURIERS? FORTUNATELY, I HAVE ALREADY ROILED THAT PARTICULAR POOL...

SHE'S MY ONE AN' ONLY DARLIN' JEAN.

SOMETIMES, I THINK MY LOVE FOR HER IS THE ONLY THING THAT KEEPS ME FROM SLIDIN' BACK IN-TO THAT WILD REDNESS--

--THAT HOWLIN' KILLER ANIMAL STATE THEY PULLED OUTTA MY DEEPEST SUBCONSCIOUS BACK IN THE ***PROJECT.***

THE ***WEAPON X PROJECT.***

SOMETIMES I'M AFRAID THAT WHAT SHE FEELS FOR ME AIN'T LOVE, BUT SOME KINDA GRATITUDE...

...FOR THAT TIME, WAY BACK, WHEN I BUSTED HER OUTTA THE ***PENS*** AND THREW DOWN WITH ***SCOTT SUMMERS.***

YOU'RE TOO QUIET, LOGAN.

WHAT ARE YOU BROODING ABOUT?

THAT ***SENTINEL*** DIDN'T GET US ALL THE WAY BACK TO ***LONDON*** JUST SO'S WE COULD TAKE IN THE SIGHTS--

--I'M THINKIN' WE OUGHTA GO DOWN-STAIRS AND SEE WHAT THE ***HIGH COUNCIL*** IS UP TO--

THE *CENTRAL COMMITTEE* IS IN SESSION.

--THE INFORMATION BROUGHT TO US BY THE TWO *MUTANT COURIERS* MAKES IT ALL TOO APPARENT THAT *APOCALYPSE* HAS BEEN PULLING THE WOOL OVER ALL OUR EYES!

HIS OVERTURES OF PEACE ARE NOTHING MORE THAN A SMOKE-SCREEN FOR HIS STRATEGIC FORCES BUILD-UP--

HE IS, IN FACT, PREPARING AN OFFENSIVE STRIKE AGAINST HUMAN-SATURATED *EUROPE!*

BOLIVAR AND MOIRA ARE DEAD ON!

EVEN AS WE SPEAK, A SPECIAL OPERATION IS IN PROGRESS TO RESCUE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF HUMANS FROM ALONG THE AMERICAN COAST, AIRLIFTED OUT BY SQUADRONS OF *SENTINELS*--

SENTINELS COURTESY OF *BRADDOCK ENTERPRISES*, OF COURSE!

THANK YOU, MS. FROST.

'PLEASURE, BRIAN.

IT IS NOW UP TO THE *HUMAN HIGH COUNCIL* TO END THE THREAT OF *APOCALYPSE* ONCE AND FOR ALL--

-- AND BY *ANY MEANS NECESSARY!*

NOW, WE'RE *TALKING!*

THESE GEEKS ARE FINALLY SHOWIN' SOME *GUMPTION!*

I DON'T *LIKE* IT, LOGAN!

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

THESE NUMB-NOODLES DIDN'T EVEN RAISE AN EYEBROW WHEN A *SENTINEL* PLOWED INTO THEIR ATTIC AND THEY AIN'T EVEN ACKNOWLEDGIN' OUR PRESENCE!

I SAY IT'S HIGH TIME THEY SHUCKED THE GLOVES AND--

KEEP IT *DOWN*, WILL YOU--?

I WANT TO HEAR *MORE!*

IF I MAY INTERJECT--

LET *MARIKO YASHIDA* HAVE HER SAY!

NOT *EVERYONE* IS IN AGREEMENT WITH THIS *DOOMSDAY STRIKE* AGAINST *NORTH AMERICA!*

SON-OF-A-GUN...

GOOD *LORD!!*

I'VE HAD IT UP TO HERE WITH MARIKO'S WHINING--WE HAVE TRANSCENDED THE MERE CIVILITIES OF WAR--

IT IS *KILL* THEM *ALL* NOW, OR WAIT TO BE KILLED AND I FOR ONE WON'T--

KA-BOOM!

THUD

IT SEEMS MY *LORD APOCALYPSE* WASN'T OVERLY PRESUMPTIVE IN ORDERING A *PRE-EMPTIVE STRIKE!*

BRIAN! WHO IS *SHE?!* HOW COULD SHE GET *PAST* OUR PERIMETERS?!

SHUT UP, EMMA!

WHOEVER SHE IS, SHE'S NOT--

THROOOM!

EEEYARRGH!

THE NAME IS *MAGMA,* BRADDOCK ...

... AND I AM--

HOW CONVENIENT TO FIND THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE ALL SET UP LIKE DUCKS IN A ROW!

UNK

-DEAD!

UHHNHH!

V-VERY GOOD, LOGAN ... BUT DO NOT DELUDE YOURSELF...

THERE WILL BE OTHERS... MY LIFE IS NOTHING!

LOGAN--! YOUR ARM--

NO SWEAT, DARLIN'--

--THE HEALIN' FACTOR WILL KICK IN WHEN THE FLAMES DIE DOWN AND THE ADAMANTIUM COOLS OFF.

ISN'T THIS ATTACK *ENOUGH* TO PROVE MY POINT?

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND THAT WE HAVE *NO* CHOICE?

WE MUST INSTITUTE *PROJECT SCORCHED EARTH!!*

WE HAVE THE *WILL*...

LORD HAVE MERCY...

APOCALYPSE WANTS A BRAVE NEW WORLD FOR HIS FILTHY KIND?

SO BE IT...

...AND NOW, MY FRIENDS, WE HAVE THE *MEANS!*

...BUT HIS PRECIOUS DOMAIN WILL BE NOTHING BUT A *RADIOACTIVE WASTELAND!*

GO FOR IT, BRADDOCK.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, LOGAN--

--THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF A DESCENT INTO *MAD-NESS!*

NEXT:

MASSACRE!

MARVEL COMICS

MAR • 1

X-MEN

• DELUXE •

FACTOR X™

ENTER NOW...

THE AGE OF APOCALYPSE

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

FOLLOWING THE BATTLES OF *ASCENDENCY* IN WHICH MY LORD *APOCALYPSE* CONQUERED THE CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES –

– HE TRANSFORMED THE ISLAND OF MANHATTAN INTO HIS FORTRESS STRONGHOLD –

– A NEW CITY AS DANGEROUSLY MAGNIFICENT AS THE DARK SOUL OF *EN SABAH NUR* HIMSELF.

IN THIS AGE OF APOCALYPSE, ONLY THE *STRONG* SURVIVE –

– WHILE THE REST PRAY FOR DELIVERANCE –

– OR RUN FOR THEIR *LIVES.*

HURRY!

WE'VE GOT TO MAKE IT ACROSS THE RIVER BEFORE DAWN...

I'LL FOLLOW YOU THROUGH *HELL, ARTEMIS,* IF IT GETS US OFF THIS *CURSED* ISLAND.

DON'T KNOW IF I CAN KEEP UP... FEEL *WEAK...*

STAY WITH US, *'TAZIA.* BE *STRONG.*

LEAVE HER *BEHIND!* SHE'LL ONLY SLOW US DOWN!

SHUT UP *'NEWT'* I'D SOONER LEAVE YOU BEHIND, YOU SNIVELING, BOW-LEGGED --

ENOUGH!

WE BROKE OUT OF THE *PENS* TOGETHER, AND WE'LL SEE IT THROUGH THAT WAY --

WE'RE A *TEAM* -- FOR BETTER OR --

-- *WORSE...*

VOILA, JEAN-PAUL, OUR PREY HAS *ARRIVED.*

I HOPE THEY *RESIST,* JEANNE-MARIE.

SURRENDER, ARTEMIS!

YOU AND YOUR BAND OF *RUNAWAYS* HAVE *NOWHERE* TO GO!

WHY BOTHER *TALKING,* SCOTT?

THEY'RE *RUNAWAYS.* THEY MIGHT AS WELL BE *FLATSCANS.* THEY'RE *NOTHING.*

CYCLOPS!

BLAST IT ALL, *SINISTER* SENT THE *ELITE!*

WE'LL BE LUCKY IF THEY *KILL* US, ART--

WHEN APOCALYPSE TOOK WASHINGTON, HIS ARMY WAS A CADRE OF *MUTANTS* --

-- SAVAGE AND UNYIELDING IN BATTLE AGAINST HUMAN AND MISGUIDED MUTANT ALIKE.

NOW, IF, IN THE AFTERMATH OF THEIR VICTORY, THEY HAVE SUCCUMBED TO A CERTAIN *DECADENT CRUELTY* --

--I CAN *FORGIVE* THEM FOR IT.

AFTER ALL, IN SO MANY WAYS, THEY ARE MY *CHILDREN.*

STAN LEE PRESENTS

A BOLD NEW CHAPTER IN THE LIVES OF MARVEL'S MUTANTS

SINISTER NEGLECT

AN APOCALYPTIC REALITY CHECK BROUGHT TO YOU BY

JOHN FRANCIS MOORE WRITER | STEVE EPTING PENCILER | AL MILGROM INKER

STARKINGS/ COMICRAFT LETTERING | GLYNIS OLIVER COLORIST | KELLY CORVESE EDITOR | BOB HARRAS CHIEF

VAMPIRES! YOU TALK ABOUT THE *BROTHERHOOD* OF MUTANTS --

-- BUT YOU'D EAT YOUR *YOUNG* IF SINISTER *COMMANDED!*

RUMMMMBBLL

SEISMIC SHOCKS!

SUCH A PITY THAT SOME MUTANTS WERE TOO *UNSTABLE* TO JOIN MY EXTENDED FAMILY --

-- WHILE OTHERS WERE TOO UNREPENTANTLY *INGRACIOUS* FOR THAT HONOR.

SCATTER! DON'T TRY TO ENGAGE THE ELITE IN BATTLE --

-- MAYBE ONE OF US WILL MAKE IT!

WHY DO YOU HAVE TO MAKE THIS *DIFFICULT?*

YOU *KNOW* YOU CAN'T WIN.

SCOTT SUMMERS. LEADER OF MY *ELITE* MUTANT *FORCE.* PRAGMATIC. EFFICIENT.

AND RAISED TO BE SO MUCH *MORE* THAN HE KNOWS.

ZZZZRAAKK

DOMINIC!

AAAHH!

KEEP *BEHIND* ME, 'TAZIA. NOBODY'S LOCKIN' US UP AG –

–ARRGH–

–THIS BLOODY WELL *HURTS* –

PYRO, *STOP!* EVERYTIME YOU IGNITE, YOU BURN *YOUR-SELF!*

GOT NO CHOICE, SWEET-HEART–

–IF I'M GOIN' *DOWN,* THAT ARROGANT *BLACK SHIRT* GOES WITH ME.

ALEX SUMMERS. LIKE HIS BROTHER, A *BATTERY* OF CONTAINED ENERGY–

–BUT UNLIKE HIS BROTHER, TOO OFTEN WITHOUT RESTRAINT.

NOW YOU'VE GOT ME *MAD,* AUSSIE.

KA-BLAMF

I *LOVED* THAT BIKE.

GO TO H–

AARRGH!

I KNEW TRYING TO ESCAPE... -pant-... WAS A *MISTAKE*... -wheeze-...

NORTHSTAR!

NEWT, YOU ARE A *SORRY* EXCUSE FOR A MUTANT.

JEAN-PAUL BEAUBIER, A CHILD OF LIGHT WITH A *HEART OF DARKNESS*.

THWAK

I DO NOT NEED TO *WASTE* MY ENERGY ON THE LIKES OF YOU.

URGHLL...

I AM *INSULTED* THAT SINISTER WOULD SEND *US* TO ROUND UP THESE SAD CREATURES, MY BROTHER.

WE ARE THE ELITE – THE STRONG! – NOT McCOY'S HALF-BREED *INFINITES*.

NO...

...I HAVE *NOTHING* LEFT INSIDE... THE BEAST TOOK *EVERYTHING*...

PATHETIC.

JEANNE-MARIE BEAUBIER, AS *CORRUPT* AS HER TWIN.

IF YOU'VE ANY *MERCY*...

... KILL ME NOW...

...BUT DON'T TAKE ME BACK TO THE PENS.

ARTEMIS'S SMART — SHE'S HEADING INTO WASHINGTON SQUARE RUBBLE.

PLENTY OF PLACES FOR HER TO USE HER MUTANT *CAMOUFLAGE* ABILITY TO LOSE ME —

SHOULD'VE GRABBED THE *INFRARED* FROM MY BI—

SURPRISE!

NOT ALL OF US ARE READY TO *GIVE UP* LIKE *PHANTAZIA*, SUMMERS.

SOME OF US'D RATHER DIE ON OUR FEET THAN LIVE ON OUR *KNEES*.

YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED *HIDDEN*, ARTEMIS.

KR

UNGF! DIDN'T SEE HER MATERIALIZE UNTIL TOO LATE...

YOU'RE TOO *WEAK* TO PUT UP ANY FIGHT.

I'M NOT SURRENDERING TO *YOU* OR ANY *OTHER* OF SINISTER'S *LAPDOGS*.

I WON'T GIVE YOU THE *SATISFACTION*.

I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO *HURT* YOU.

AWWW. YOUR *CONCERN* TOUCHES ME, SUMMERS, BUT YOU SHOULD KNOW *BETTER*.

THERE'S NO PLACE FOR *COMPASSION* IN POST-APOCALYPSE AMERICA —

— ALL THAT'S LEFT IS *PAIN* AND *SUFFERING.*

YOU COULD'VE HAD IT *DIFFERENT*, BUT YOU *REFUSED* SINISTER'S INVITATION.

NOW, YOU'VE BACKED YOURSELF INTO A *CORNER.*

FFFFTT

HONEY, THESE DAYS, WE'RE *ALL* UP AGAINST A WALL...

SO MUCH FOR THE *MORLOCK.*

YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO *KILL* HER, ALEX!

I HAD THINGS UNDER CONTROL.

DEAD OR ALIVE, WHAT DO YOU CARE? SHE WAS A *RABBIT.*

BESIDES, McCOY CAN STILL TAKE *TISSUE SAMPLES* FROM THE BODY.

YOU'RE *COLD*, ALEX.

AND YOU ARE GETTING *SOFT*, MY BROTHER.

MAYBE I *SHOULD'VE* LET HER PUT THIS THROUGH YOUR RIBS.

FIRST LAW OF APOCALYPSE. SURVIVAL OF THE *FITTEST.*

I'M SURE YOU REMEMBER.

VRRAAAKKH

AARRGH!

NO!

FOR OVER A CENTURY ON THIS ISLAND, LADY LIBERTY WELCOMED THE ***WRETCHED REFUSE*** OF THE WORLD, LIGHTING THE PROMISE OF A NEW WORLD.

BUT NO LONGER.

NOW LIBERTY'S GENEROUS COUNTENANCE HAS BEEN REPLACED BY THE STERN AND FEARSOME VISAGE OF ***APOCALYPSE*** —

— A WARNING TO THE WORLD THAT ***HIS*** AMERICAN OFFERS NO SUCCOR TO THE HOMELESS AND TEMPEST-TOSSED.

HOW FITTING IT IS THEN, THAT AS I CONTEMPLATE ***BETRAYAL*** OF MY UNFORGIVING LORD —

— AND SECRETE MYSELF FROM HIS ***WATCHFUL*** EYE —

— I STAND IN THE ***REPRESENTATION*** OF THAT SELF-SAME EYE.

OF COURSE, AS ***SINISTER***, FOURTH PREFECT OF APOCALYPSE...

...I HAVE LONG STOOD IN THE ***HEART*** OF THE ***BEAST***.

AFTER ***YEARS*** OF MANIPULATING THE DEVELOPMENT OF A HANDFUL OF MUTANTS IN SECRET —

— I ***FINALLY*** HAVE THE RESOURCES TO ENGINEER THE EVOLUTION OF MUTANTKIND TO MY DESIGN —

— AND APOCALYPSE THREATENS TO DESTROY ***ALL*** MY WORK BY GOADING THE HUMAN GOVERNMENTS TO THE BRINK OF ***WORLD WAR***.

HE HAS FORCED MY HAND SOONER THAN EXPECTED.

THEREFORE I MUST ABANDON MY ELITE MUTANT FORCE — MY SPIRITUAL PROGENY — TO THEIR OWN DEVICES.

I TRUST THAT MAGNETO AND HIS REBELLIOUS BROOD WILL DISTRACT THE OTHER HORSEMAN WHILE I CARRY OUT MY PLOT AGAINST THE THRONE.

BELIEVE ME, MY CHILDREN, IT'S ***BETTER*** YOU KNOW NOTHING OF MY PLANS.

AND THOUGH YOU WILL ***HATE*** ME FOR DESERTING YOU LIKE YOUR BIOLOGICAL FATHER, KNOW THIS, SCOTT SUMMERS—

— WITHOUT YOU, WHAT I AM ABOUT TO ATTEMPT WOULD ***NEVER*** HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE.

APOCALYPSE ENTRUSTED ME WITH THE CREATION OF THE *NEXT* GENERATION OF HOMO SUPERIOR –

– A GENERATION TO BE BORN NOT BY *ACCIDENT*, BUT BY *DESIGN*.

WITH *THE PENS*, I FINALLY HAVE A GENETIC STOCKPILE OF HUMAN AND MUTANT ALIKE –

– FROM WHICH I CAN SPIN GENETIC *STRAW* INTO *GOLD*.

KILL THE *GUARD* –

AND THOUGH I *DELIVERED* THESE SELECT FEW FROM THE CERTAIN DEATH OF THE CULLINGS –

– ONLY *ONE* OF HER –

– *QUICK*, BEFORE HER *BROTHER* –

– SOME CONTINUE TO *REBEL* AGAINST THEIR PARTICIPATION IN MY GLORIOUS DESIGN.

I FOUND THE GUTHRIE *ORPHANS* LIVING IN ABJECT POVERTY IN THE HILLS OF KENTUCKY.

Y'ALL SHOULD'VE STAYED BEHIND THE LASER GRID, FLATSCANS –

WHAT A DISCOVERY OF DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH, *THREE* OF THE SIBLINGS MUTANTS.

ELIZABETH, THE TEENAGED AMAZON WHOSE MEGA-MORPHIC ABILITIES ALLOW HER TO *INCREASE* HER SIZE AND MASS.

– BECAUSE NOW, I'M GONNA HAVE TO DO SOME SERIOUS *STOMPIN'*!

NEED A *HAND*, BIG SISTER?

'BOUT TIME YOU SHOWED, SAM.

WHAK

SAMUEL – CANNONBALL – WHOSE ANGER CHANNELS INTO *EXPLOSIVE* AND *PROPULSIVE* ENERGY.

I ONLY REGRET THAT THEIR YOUNGER SISTER PAIGE ⊗ *REFUSED* MY SPONSORSHIP.

⊗ PAIGE GUTHRIE CAN BE SEEN IN *GENERATION NEXT*.

IF YOU'RE LUCKY, Y'MIGHT BE ABLE TO *CRAWL* BACK UNDER YOUR ROCKS.

NOW, I'M GONNA SHOW Y'ALL WHAT HAPPENS TO NORMS WHO DON'T KNOW THEIR *PLACE* –

AT *EASE*, GUTHRIE. NO NEED TO BE *CRUEL*.

WE ARE *NEGOTIATING* WITH THE HUMAN COUNCIL, AFTER ALL.

I DON'T GIVE A RAT'S BEHIND ABOUT THE HUMAN COUNCIL!

YOU'RE IN *NO* POSITION TO GIVE ME ATTITUDE, *ROOK*.

THE RUNNERS WE SPIKED TONIGHT ESCAPED ON *YOUR* WATCH –

– AND I HAVE *BETTER* THINGS TO DO THAN CLEAN UP AFTER WET-NOSED *PUNKS*, *UNDER-STAND?*

YES, SUH.

ALEX, KEEP YOUR *DROOGS* IN LINE. I'VE GOT TO CHECK IN WITH SINISTER.

PRELATE, DO I *HAVE* TO TAKE THAT FROM HIM?

SINISTER MADE MY BROTHER HEAD OF THE *EMF*. HE OUTRANKS US *ALL*.

FOR *NOW*.

HENRY McCOY WAS A BRILLIANT GENETICIST WHOSE UNORTHODOX EXPERIMENTATION RADICALIZED HIS OWN MUTATION.

AFTER THE HUMANS' FALL, I TAMED HIM EVEN FURTHER AND TOGETHER WE CREATED THE INFINITES, APOCALYPSE'S HYBRID MUTANT SOLDIERS.

DEVOTED TO SCIENCE, HE WORKS UNENCUMBERED BY THE MORAL DILEMMA OF HUMAN VIVISECTION.

IS IT ANY WONDER THAT THE PRISONERS CALL HIM THE BEAST?

YOU SHOULD KEEP THE KENNEL GATE CLOSED, McCOY. YOU'RE LETTING OUT STRAYS.

RROWF

ALEX SUMMERS! WHAT BRINGS MY MOST RECENT AND HIGH-RANKING PATIENT TO THESE QUARTERS?

ARE YOU EXPERIENCING SEPARATION PANGS FOLLOWING YOUR UNFORTUNATE TRANSPORTER MISHAP? ⊗

⊗ HAVOK FUSED WITH PART OF A SENTINEL IN WEAPON X #1.

GRRRRR

WHAT'S RAISED THOSE COPPER HACKLES, MY LUPINE COMPANION?

HAVE WE A VISITOR TO THESE SHADOWED HALLS OF SCIENCE? A QUEST TO THIS DARK DUNGEON?

I STILL HURT FROM THE HATCHET JOB YOU DID CUTTING THAT SENTINEL OUT OF ME!

BUT I'M HERE TO MAKE SURE YOU RECEIVED THE MUTANTS WE STOPPED TODAY.

INDEED, I DID. MY SINCERE AND EFFUSIVE THANKS.

ALL THIS SILLY TALK ABOUT THE KELLY PACT'S RESTRICTION ON GENETIC EXPERIMENTATION HAS REDUCED MY SUPPLY OF SOURCE MATERIAL TO A MERE TRICKLE.

HOW'S MRS. McCOY'S BABY BOY SUPPOSED TO CREATE BIGGER, BETTER AND BOLDER INFINITES WITHOUT BODIES?

KLIK

YOU KNOW WHAT THEY *SAY*, YOU CAN'T MAKE AN *OMLETTE* WITHOUT BREAKING THREE OR FOUR *DOZEN* EGGS.

FFSSS

BY LOWERING THE SUBJECTS INTO MY *GENE POOL* –

– THEY ARE BROKEN DOWN INTO A BASIC PROTO-PLASMIC SOUP.

UGH.

GROW UP, PRELATE. NOBODY PROMISED SCIENCE WOULD BE *PRETTY.*

FROM THIS GENETIC *GUMBO*, I CAN MANIPULATE *NUCLEOTIDE* SEQUENCES AS I PLEASE –

– CREATING A PATCHWORK PROTEIN OF MUTANT DNA –

– THAT BECOMES THE ORGANIC FOUNDATION OF MY INFINITES.

TOO BAD YOUR HYBRIDS CAN'T SURVIVE MORE THAN A YEAR.

THE PERILS OF *ACCELERATED TISSUE GROWTH.*

I DON'T NEED A SCIENCE LESSON, McCOY.

THEN WHY *ARE* YOU HERE, PRELATE?

MY BROTHER SEEMS *PREOCCUPIED* LATELY, HIS REFLEXES ARE *DULLED*, HIS JUDGEMENT *IMPAIRED.*

AS A SCIENTIST YOU KNOW THAT CHANGE IS *INEVITABLE.*

HYPO-THETICALLY, I WILL SUPPORT WHOEVER ALLOWS ME TO CONTINUE MY WORK HERE.

AND YOU SHOULD REMEMBER THAT SINISTER HOLDS YOUR BROTHER IN *HIGH* REGARD.

HE'LL NOT LIGHTLY OVERLOOK A *FRATRICIDE.*

WELL DO I KNOW THE *CHAOS* MY DEPARTURE WILL CREATE AMONG MY MUTANT ELITE.

AS THE STERN *PATRIARCH*, I GAVE MY BICKERING CHILDREN *PURPOSE* AND *DUTY*.

WITHOUT MY GUIDANCE, WILL THEY REMAIN BONDED BY THE *SCIENCE* OF THEIR BIRTH —

— OR TURN AGAINST ONE ANOTHER IN FAMILIAL *RAGE?*

KERASH

CONCERNING THE *BEDLAM BROTHERS* — TERRENCE AND JESSE AARONSON — I HAVE NO DOUBT —

— EACH WOULD GLADLY DIE *DEFENDING* THE OTHER.

DO YOU *GIVE UP?*

TO *YOU?* NOT IN A MILLION —

— OH, *HI*, SCOTT.

SORRY ABOUT THE *DOOR*. WE WERE JUST FOOLING AROUND.

JESSE STARTED IT.

DID *NOT*.

DO YOU TWO *EVER* STOP?

WE'VE BEEN LIKE THIS *FOREVER.* YOU KNOW HOW IT IS BETWEEN BROTHERS.

YEAH. SURE.

SAY, FEARLESS LEADER, WE'RE GOING TO *HEAVEN* TONIGHT. WHY DON'T YOU *JOIN* US?

YOU LOOK LIKE YOU COULD *USE* A NIGHT ON THE TOWN.

NO, I *CAN'T.* I'VE GOT TO FIND *SINISTER.*

OUR LAST CONVERSATION WAS VERY — *DISTURBING* — AND I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE. ⊛

⊛ X-MEN ALPHA -- Kelly.

IF YOU *CHANGE* YOUR MIND, BOSS-MAN, YOU KNOW WHERE WE'LL BE.

C'MON, LITTLE BROTHER, WE'D BETTER GET *DRESSED.*

THE LADIES *HATE* WHEN WE'RE LATE.

I COULD ALWAYS TELL SCOTT ENVIED THE BEDLAMS' BOND.

I *NEED* TO SEE SINISTER.

AT TIMES I IMAGINE HE'S FELT AS ALONE AS THE DISEMBODIED TELEPATHS I'VE BRED AS *GATE-KEEPERS.*

SINISTER IS PRESENTLY *UNAVAILABLE,* PRELATE SCOTT SUMMERS.

I'VE CONDITIONED THEIR PSIONICALLY SENSITIZED BRAINS TO *RECOGNIZE* AND *RESPOND* ONLY TO SPECIFIC THOUGHT PATTERNS.

HE CAN'T HAVE JUST *VANISHED.* WHERE IS *HE?*

I TOLD YOU *ONCE,* MY *GRIM* SON, THAT WE ARE LOOKING AT THE *END* OF THE WORLD.

I DON'T THINK YOU REALIZED THEN I WAS TELLING YOU *GOOD-BYE.*

I DON'T THINK YOU REALIZED I HAVE SET YOU *FREE.*

THEY SAY IN MANHATTAN THAT *EVERYONE* WHO IS *ANYONE* CAN BE FOUND IN *HEAVEN* –

– THE PENTHOUSE NIGHTCLUB THAT WELCOMES THOSE MUTANTS CLASSIFIED BY APOCALYPSE AS THE *BEST* OF HIS BREED, THE *ALPHAS* AND THOSE VERY *SELECT* HUMANS ALIKE –

– A MUSIC-FILLED *NEUTRAL ZONE* FROM THE GENETIC CONFLICT THAT BOILS OUTSIDE.

AT LEAST *ONE* OF THE SUMMERS BROTHERS DECIDED TO LET HIS HAIR DOWN.

– IF WE'RE GONNA *DIE*, WE MIGHT AS WELL PARTY AT GROUND *ZERO* –

–SORRY, I DON'T DATE LOWLERS –

– FEELING THE *HEAT* AND HEADING *NORTH* –

– WORTHINGTON CAN GET YOU *LETTERS OF TRANSIT*, LASLO, IF YOU'VE GOT –

– THEY SAY THE SINGER'S *INTIMATELY* INVOLVED WITH A HIGH-RANKING *PRELATE* –

I *SWEAR*, ALEX, YOU COULDN'T *FORCE* YOUR BROTHER TO HAVE A GOOD TIME.

SIT DOWN, MY FRIEND. *JESSE'S* BUYING...

LATER, PERHAPS. I HAVE OTHER THINGS TO ATTEND TO.

NOT *OFFICIAL* BUSINESS, I *HOPE*.

NOT *THIS* TIME, WORTHINGTON.

ALTHOUGH I'M TOLD THE *CAJUN* TRAITOR WAS HERE RECENTLY. ⊗

I'D *HATE* TO HAVE TO SHUT YOU DOWN.

I *APPRECIATE* THE SENTIMENT, BUT I DOUBT IT'S MY *LIQUOR* RESERVES THAT KEEP YOU COMING BACK.

ANY-ONE WHO CAN *PAY* IS WELCOME HERE, ALEX. *YOU* KNOW THAT.

THIS IS THE LAST *DECENT* PLACE IN THE CITY TO GET A DRINK.

⊗ SEE ***X-MEN ALPHA #1*** – Kelly.

I THINK IT HAS MORE TO DO WITH THE MUSICAL STYLINGS OF HEAVEN'S *INCENDIARY* TORCH SINGER —

— THE LOVELY *SCARLETT McKENZIE.*

THANK YOU. YOU'RE VERY KIND.

MY NEXT NUMBER'S AN OLD *COLE PORTER* TUNE —

"LET'S DO IT —

— LET'S FALL IN — "

YOU LET *GYRICH* IN HERE? DON'T YOU HAVE A *DRESS* CODE?

DON'T BLAME *ME.* I THOUGHT YOUR ROOKS ROUNDED UP ALL THE *GENETIC FUNDAMENTALISTS.*

KCHOW KCHOW KCHOW

HAVE I GOT YOUR *ATTENTION,* YOU MUTANT ABOMINA-TIONS?!?

HUMANITY WILL *NEVER* BOW DOWN TO FREAKS LIKE YOU! YOU CAN'T *KILL* ALL OF US!

IN THE *END,* THE RIGHTEOUS WILL DANCE ON THE GRAVE OF *HOMO SUPERIOR!*

JESSE, *SHALL* WE?

EXCUSE US, LADIES. THIS WILL ONLY TAKE A *MINUTE.*

IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, THE EXPLOSIVES WIRED TO MY BODY WILL DESTROY TROUT —*CHOKE*— DRESSER...

... HOLD TRACE *BLUE?*

TRA-BLAMF

DOOR-KNOB!

ARE YOU *ALL RIGHT*, SCARLETT?

WE ACTED AS *QUICKLY* AS WE COULD.

BELIEVE ME, BOYS, I'VE PLAYED *TOUGHER* CROWDS THAN *THIS* ONE.

BUT THANKS FOR THE *ASSIST*. IT'S HARD TO COMPETE WITH *GUNFIRE*.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LET'S GIVE A *BIG* ROUND OF APPLAUSE FOR *MY* HEROES —

— *THE BEDLAM BROTHERS!*

CONSIDER THE MUTANT ABILITIES OF THE AARONSONS AS *ZEITGEIST* — A SIGN OF THESE CHAOTIC TIMES.

THEY *LOVE* US.

ONE INSTILLS *MENTAL* CONFUSION WHILE THE OTHER PSIONICALLY *MONKEY WRENCHES* MACHINERY.

WHAT'S *NOT* TO LOVE?

CLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCL... CLAP

NOW SINCE I'D BE A *FOOL* TO TRY AND FOLLOW THAT ACT —

— I'LL SIMPLY SAY *GOOD NIGHT*.

ON STAGE, THE SINGER APPEARS *OPEN* AND *INTIMATE* WITH HER ADORING AUDIENCE.

OFF STAGE, SHE KEEPS THE *TRUTH* OF HER LIFE GUARDED IN SECRECY.

SECRETS CAN BE *SEDUCTIVE*.

THEY CAN ALSO PROVE *DEADLY*.

I HAVE KEPT *SECRETS* IN THE HOUSE OF APOCALYPSE —

— AND IF I AM *LUCKY*, THAT HOUSE WILL FALL BEFORE *ALL* MY SECRETS ARE REVEALED.

UH-OH. DAD'S STILL *AWAKE.*

SHOULD'VE GONE WITH US, SCOTT. HEAVEN WAS ABSOLUTELY *ROCKIN'*.

THERE WAS *MUSIC*, *DANCING*, A *TERRORIST* ATTACK.

ALEX GOT LOST BACK-STAGE.

CAN'T SAY THAT I *BLAME* HIM. SHE'S EXTREMELY *ATTRACTIVE* FOR A HU —

WHAT *MORE* COULD YOU ASK FOR?

OH, MY BROTHER'S *ABOVE* ENJOYING THE *PERKS* OF OUR STATION.

HE'D RATHER PLAY THE *MARTYR*, THAN LET HIMSELF HAVE *FUN*.

I TAKE MY DUTIES *SERIOUSLY* — WHICH IS MORE THAN I CAN SAY FOR *YOU*.

YOU WERE EXPECTED BACK AN *HOUR* AGO.

WATCH YOUR *MOUTH*, AARON-SON.

IF YOU'RE IMPLYING I'M INVOLVED WITH A *FLAT-SCAN* —

—YOU'D BETTER BE PREPARED TO *DEFEND* YOUR-SELF.

CALM DOWN, ALEX. JESSE WAS ONLY KIDDING.

WE ALL KNOW THE PENALTIES FOR *MISCEGENATION*.

IF YOU'RE *THROUGH*, WE HAVE A *REAL* PROBLEM.

FOLLOW *ME*.

GATE-KEEPER, WE *DEMAND* ENTRY TO SINISTER'S SANCTUM.

I CANNOT GIVE YOU ACCESS, PRELATE. SINISTER IS UNAVAILABLE FOR AN AUDIENCE.

WHY ARE YOU WORRIED, SCOTT?

SINISTER'S A *HORSEMAN*. HE COMES AND GOES AS HE PLEASES.

THIS IS *DIFFERENT*. HIS COMLINE IS *DOWN*. THERE'S BEEN NO RESPONSE FOR *DAYS*.

TERRY, I WANT YOU TO *BYPASS* THE GATE-KEEPER.

ARE YOU SURE?

DO IT. I'LL TAKE *FULL* RESPONS-IBILITY.

NOT A PROBLEM. ONE PSYCHIC *LOCK-PICK* COMING UP.

DOG SWEAT WANDERING FEEBLE...

IT'S *OPEN*.

KREAK

LET ME GO ON RECORD AS OBJECTING TO BREAKING INTO SINISTER'S *PRIVATE* CHAMBERS...

I DON'T THINK IT *MATTERS*, ALEX.

WHO COULD'VE *DONE* THIS?

ONE OF MAGNETO'S *TRAITOROUS* CREW?

I HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO *SLAG* THE EQUIPMENT THAT HELD DECADES OF RESEARCH DATA –

I CAN'T AFFORD TO LEAVE ANY CLUE TO MY *DESPERATE* DESIGN.

NO, SINISTER DID THIS *HIMSELF*. EVERYTHING HE SAID MAKES *SENSE* NOW.

SINISTER'S DISAGREED OPENLY WITH APOCALYPSE, BUT I NEVER IMAGINED HE WOULD DO *THIS* –

YOU CAN'T BE *SERIOUS*.

HE'S *ABANDONED* US.

WELL, IF SINISTER'S SKIPPED TOWN, WHO'S GONNA RUN THE SHOW NOW?

SCOTT'S BEEN SINISTER'S *RIGHT HAND*. NOBODY KNOWS THE PENS BETTER THAN HIM.

SCOTT?

RIGHT. I'M IN CHARGE.

NOT *IF I* HAVE ANYTHING TO DO ABOUT IT, BROTHER.

THE FUSE IS *LIT*...

... AND APOCALYPSE AWAITS THE *EXPLOSION.*

HUMANITY AND MUTANTKIND HAVE SO *LITTLE* TIME LEFT TO THEM.

BEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEP

AND TIME IS *MORE* OF THE ESSENCE THAN EVER.

AUTO DESTRUCT SEQUENCE ENGAGED

KRAKA BOOM

THEREFORE, MY CHILDREN, I CAN *SHEPHERD* YOU NO LONGER.

YOU ARE ON YOUR OWN.

NEXT:

A DESPERATE FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL ENSUES FOR THE PRISONERS OF THE BREEDING PENS, AS BROTHER TURNS AGAINST BROTHER IN A WORLD GONE

MAD!

MARVEL COMICS

MAR • 1

X-MEN

• DELUXE •

THE AMAZING X-MEN

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

ENTER NOW...

THE AGE OF APOCALYPSE

ANDY KUBERT

PROLOGUE

If despair had a face, it would be laughing.

Welcome to *AMERICA*. Welcome to a **world** — and a time — gone **mad**.

Years ago, a **mutant** named ***APOCALYPSE*** conquered this land.

And as *HOMO SAPIEN SUPERIOR* rose from the rubble...

...**humans** were left **crushed** by their climb to power.

A few — the **lucky** ones — managed to flee to *EUROPE* and *ASIA*...

...the rest remained, trapped by a destiny they couldn't quite understand, fodder for the **work camps** and **breeding pens** of the new world order.

But there are places far from the seats of power where hope remains.

This is one such place. ***BOOTH BAY HARBOR, MAINE.***

But even here, if **hope** had a face, it would be **haggard.**

CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS, CITIZEN?

FREEDOM!

A REAL CHANCE TO GET *AWAY* FROM THIS NIGHT-MARE!

YEAH. THEY SAY THAT *SALVATION* IS GONNA COME FROM THE *SKIES.*

THAT THE *FREE MEN* OVERSEAS WILL FINALLY HELP US. *LEAST* THEY COULD DO, YOU ASK ME.

UNTIL ANYTHING HAPPENS THOUGH, WE'D BETTER REMAIN CAUTIOUS.

DADDY DOESN'T TRUST NO ONE, BUT I DO!

IS *EURASIA* REALLY LIKE PEOPLE SAY?

IT'S *CRUSH,* KIDDO!

LIKE AMERICA WAS BEFORE THE *GREAT PURGE!*

THERE'LL BE TELEVISION, MUSIC, FUN, FROLIC AND *FOOD* –

– *REAL* STUFF, NOT THE GUNK SOY PASTE WE EAT ALL THE TIME!

DO YOU THINK... WE'LL MAKE IT THERE?

OF *COURSE* WE WILL, LITTLE ONE!

KEEP THE FAITH, FAMILY.

THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION. I HAVE TO REJOIN MY KIN.

I TOLD THEM I'D MOVE TO THE FRONT OF THE PROCESSION TO HEAR THE GOOD WORD.

HAVE A SAFE JOURNEY. AND LET'S HOPE WE MEET AGAIN –

– IN A *BETTER PLACE* THAN THIS.

The boy's eyes **haunt** her as she walks away.

What kind of world is it where a child's look could show so much **innocence** and mask so much **pain?**

Birth and **death** don't distinguish between humans or mutants.

VANESSA CARLYSLE mutters a soft prayer to cleanse her mind of such **blasphemy.**

So why should she? It isn't fair, she thinks.

SISTER CARLYSLE, WHAT HAVE YOU LEARNED?

ARE THE WHISPERED *RUMORS* TRUE?

"HOPE," VANESSA?

A DESIRE THEY WOULD BE *FOOLS* TO HARBOR.

THERE WILL *ALWAYS* BE ONE TO *CRUSH* THE SPIRITS OF THE FLATSCANS SHOULD THEY RISE TOO HIGH.

THE *ACTIONS* OF THESE HUMANS WOULD PROVE THEM VALID, *CARDINAL MADRI.* THIS GROWING MARCH NORTH TOWARDS THIS ISOLATED TOWN —

— COMBINED WITH THE *INTELLIGENCE* WE PREVIOUSLY GATHERED FROM OUR SOURCES IN *EURASIA* —

— *CONFIRM* THE SUSPICIONS OF THE *BROTHER-HOOD.*

THESE HUMANS HOPE TO *ESCAPE.*

BEST WE DEAL WITH THE EURASIANS' LATEST AFFRONT TO LORD APOCALYPSE'S EMPIRE OF *GENETIC PURITY.*

THE HUMANS AND THEIR DELUSIONAL DREAMS WILL SIMPLY BE LEFT...

... TO FALL INTO THE *ABYSS...*

The former Xavier Estate in what remains of Westchester County, New York...

He looks over this wasteland he once called **home** and struggles to remember what it **used** to look like —

— **should** have looked like — if his **reality** had not been changed —

For **twenty years**, he has wandered this world, unsure of his place in it.

As much as a **time-traveller** from the future belonged **anywhere**, he knew he did not belong in **this** war-ravaged world.

Why, then, does he now feel as if he's come **full circle?**

FA-HA-K

Can he ever break through the fog which shrouds his mind?

WHIRRRRRR

Why does he **recognize** the people who live here **now...**

...when a nagging **doubt** inside his heart...

SKREEEEEEEE FALL BACK! EEEEEEEE

– warns the wanderer named **Bishop** that these *X-MEN* are unlike **any** he has **ever** known before.

DID YOU SAY *FALL BACK, BANSHEE?*

WHY WOULD WE *BOTHER* DOING THAT –

– WHEN WE CAN JUST AS EASILY MAKE THIS ERSATZ *SENTINEL* –

– FALL *FORWARD!*

They are **mutants,** born with abilities far beyond those of normal humans.

And yet, in this place when mutants have **conquered** – where they rule – these X-Men **remain** outcasts.

For years, they have been **soldiers** in a desperate **war** against their own kind.

Their reactions today – as fluid as teamwork can be – are born from **years** of working in unison, one part helping the other.

STAN LEE PROUDLY PRESENTS

THE AMAZING X-MEN

IN THEIR MOST HARROWING ADVENTURE EVER!

THE CROSSING GUARDS

BROUGHT TO YOU BY

FABIAN NICIEZA
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DIGITAL CHAMELEON
SEPARATION

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ICEMAN, once called **Bobby Drake,** freezes the moisture in the air around their robot attacker –

– while **Orcro Munroe,** *STORM...* brings down lightning from a tumultuous weather system she herself manipulates.

The team's second-in-command, **Sean Cassidy,** the *BANSHEE...*

...scrambles the Sentinel's electronic systems with a *SONIC SCREAM* pitched at so **high** a frequency –

– that only the artificial **mutant-hunter** is affected by it.

THERE'S YOUR *OPENING,* PIETRO.

The Sentinel's main programming core is exposed by the unpredictable powers of the X-Men's newest member –

– the mysterious man known as **Exodus.**

And for team leader **Pietro Maximoff** Lehnsherr,an opportunity for **action,** no matter how small –

–can be seized upon like *QUICKSILVER!*

ONE AND A HALF SECONDS...

... TO INJECT THIS OVER-RIDE VIRUS DISC...

... INTO THE ROBOT'S...

... TERMINAL CASING!

JUST A TENTH OF A SECOND TOO SLOW...

... AND THE SENTINEL'S NEURAL NET...

... WILL ALERT ITS SQUADRON ALLIES...

... TO OUR PRESENCE, AND WE *CAN'T* HAVE THAT.

He puts so much pressure on himself to be **perfect**, Bishop thinks.

Just like another team leader he can **almost** remember... in another time.

TIME?!

ONE AND EIGHT-TENTHS OF A SECOND, PIETRO.

I WAS TOO SLOW!

IT WAS JUST OUR THIRD PRACTICE SESSION, PETEY.

WE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO CORRECT MY MARGIN OF ERROR, ALI.

NANNY, YOUR READINGS?

INDICATE, DEAR CHILD, THAT YOU WILL NEED TO BE APPROXIMATELY SEVENTY-TWO METERS *CLOSER* TO THE SENTINEL —

— AT THE POINT EXODUS UNCOVERS ITS TERMINAL CORE.

AND THAT'S A LITTLE CLOSE FOR COMFORT, ISN'T IT, GANG?

FZZZT

ALISON BLAIRE! I DECLARE, THAT IS SUCH A VILE HABIT!

GO ROTATE YOUR-SELF.

HUMPH!

NANNY, NOT NOW.

YOU'RE RIGHT, *DAZZLER*, THE MISSION REQUIREMENTS WILL BE PUTTING US ALL IN ENOUGH DANGER AS IT IS –

– BUT OUR OPTIONS TO CHANGE THE EUROPEAN HUMAN HIGH COUNCIL'S PLANS, AT THIS POINT, ARE NON-EXISTENT, *ESPECIALLY* WITH HALF THE TEAM OFF ON ANOTHER MISSION. ⊗

THIS IS RIDICULOUS! WE EVEN HAVE TO *HIDE* ...

... FROM THESE TIN-PLATED BLOOD-HOUNDS...

... WHEN WE'RE ALL TRYING TO DO THE *SAME* THING THEY'VE BEEN PROGRAMMED FOR...

... AND HELP *SAVE* SOME *HUMANS!*

⊗SEE *ASTONISHING X-MEN #1* -- Bob.

I COULDN'T AGREE WITH YOU MORE, ICEMAN –

– GIVE ME THAT.

– BUT THE EURASIANS LACK THE *TECH-NOLOGY*...

... TO PROGRAM THE SENTINELS TO IDENTIFY US AS ALLIES WHILE THE EVACUATION TAKES PLACE.

THEY WILL SEE US *ONLY* AS MUTANTS AND THEREFORE, PART OF THE EMPIRE.

MAKES YOUR BREATH SMELL LIKE GARBAGE.

LIKE YOU'RE GONNA FIND OUT TONIGHT, PARD!

A FRUSTRATING DILEMMA, T'BE CERTAIN.

BUT THE EVACUATION WILL NEVER TAKE PLACE UNLESS WE CAN KEEP APOCALYPSE'S TROOPS AT BAY...

... TIMES LIKE THESE, I SURELY MISS MY "*RETIREMENT*" FROM THIS GROUP.

WHO'S MORE THE FOOL THEN, SEAN, YOU FOR GETTING INVOLVED WITH US AGAIN –

– OR US FOR NEVER HAVING CALLED IT *QUITS* TO BEGIN WITH?

HEY! LOOK –! THE SENTINEL'S STILL ACTIVE!

The sound of metal grinding against metal is heard.

The robot seemingly quivers.

And...

MORE THE FOOL *I*, PERHAPS, ROBERT, FOR HAVING *GATHERED* AND *TRAINED* A GROUP OF SOLDIERS...

... WHO *NEGLECT* AN OPPONENT NOT YET BEATEN?

MAGNETO!

INDEED. A WARNING, ICEMAN, I DO NOT CONSIDER MYSELF A FOOL, NOR YOU.

SO WHAT *DOES* THAT MAKE US, THEN?

DREAMERS.

They are the first words Bishop has uttered in more than a day.

He clutches the young boy named *CHARLES* tightly to his chest...

...as if the child were a liferaft in a **sea** of confusion.

The boy is the second son of *ERIK MAGNUS LEHNSHERR – MAGNETO* – and the X-Men wonder **why** he lets this madman hold his dearest child.

But then the X-Men have wondered about a **lot** of things since they found Bishop in the ruins of Seattle...

...not the least of which is the sanity of the man they have followed and honored for years.

SORRY ABOUT THE LITTLE TRICK WITH MY "*HARD-LIGHT*" SENTINEL PROJECTION, FOLKS —

— BUT MAGNETO WANTED ME TO KEEP US ON OUR TOES.

... ALL ITS DONE FOR ME IS GIVE ME A DOOZY OF A HEAD-ACHE.

PREPARE... NOW... FOR WHAT...

... IS TO COME...

OH? SO NOW YOU'RE RUNNING OFF AT THE MOUTH, huh?

YOU SHOW UP AND DANGLE SOME CARROTS FOR US TO ***CHASE*** —

— BABBLING ABOUT A ***MIRACLE CURE*** FOR EVERYTHING THAT AILS THIS WORLD JUST WAITING TO BE FOUND!

SO WHY SHOULD ANY OF US BE BOTHERING TO DO ***ANY***THING? WHO DON'T WE JUST SIT BACK AND FEEL ALL BETTER 'CAUSE ***YOU*** SAY SO?

THIS IS... ***WRONG...*** DRAKE.

SAVE IT... BY CHANGING IT.

LEAVE HIM ALONE, ICEMAN. HE IS NOT TO BLAME FOR ***HIS*** CONDITION...

... ***NOR*** HIS STRANGE CLAIMS. IT'S AS IF HE'S ***DRIVEN*** TO WARN US.

BUT UNTIL SUCH A TIME AS I CAN BE ***CERTAIN*** THAT HIS CLAIMS OF A DIFFERENT WORLD — A BETTER ONE— ARE VALID —

— WE MUST CONTINUE TO CARRY THE FIGHT ***TO*** APOCALYPSE.

THAT IS WHY I HAVE DISPATCHED MY BELOVED ROGUE'S TEAM TO STOP THE CULLINGS.

WHILE ***NIGHTCRAWLER*** SEEKS OUT HIS MOTHER, ***MYSTIQUE*** —

— ***PETER*** AND ***KATYA*** SEARCH FOR ***ILLYANA*** —

— AND ***GAMBIT*** TRIES TO STEAL THIS MYSTERIOUS ***M'KRAAN CRYSTAL.***⊗

⊗ GEEZ! THAT COVERS EVENTS TAKING PLACE IN ***ASTONISHING X-MEN, X-CALIBRE, GENERATION NEXT,*** AND ***GAMBIT AND THE X-TERNALS!*** -- Bob.

SO WE KEEP ON FIGHTING, EVEN THOUGH IT'LL ALL BE POINTLESS IF EVERYONE ELSE ***SUCCEEDS?***

FZZT

ALISON, A WISE MAN ONCE SAID, "IT AIN'T OVER UNTIL IT'S OVER."

WE FIGHT UNTIL THE WAR AGAINST APOCALYPSE IS *WON* —

— OR TO OUR *LAST BREATH.*

NOW THAT'S *INSPIRATIONAL,* MAGNETO.

I WARNED YOU ABOUT YOUR DEATHWISH IN SEATTLE... YOU MAY HAVE ONE, BUT DON'T INCLUDE US.

TRY AND BE A LITTLE OPTIMISTIC, OKAY?

SO CAN WE LEAVE NOW AND SAVE SOME *LEMMINGS* BEFORE THEY FALL OFF THE *CLIFF?*

AS USUAL, ROBERT, I AGREE WITH YOUR SENTIMENTS, IF NOT YOUR ATTITUDE.

NANNY HAS DOWN-LOADED YOUR MUTAGENIC SIGNATURES ONTO THIS DISKETTE.

IF YOU *MASK* YOURSELVES FROM THE SENTINELS' SCANNERS, YOU WILL BE ABLE TO HELP THE HUMANS LEAVE THE COUNTRY.

BUT SURELY, FATHER, WE CAN EXPECT SOME KIND OF OPPOSITION FROM APOCALYPSE?

I WOULD, SON, WHICH IS ALL THE MORE REASON TO KEEP THE SENTINELS' ATTENTIONS AWAY FROM US —

— AN' LET *EN SABAH NUR'S* AGENTS WORRY ABOUT THE HUNTER-ROBOTS, INSTEAD? GOOD THINKING.

OKAY. WE GOT A CLUE, SO LET'S GET A MOVE ON.

ROGUE'S TEAM TOOK THE SHUTTLE, SO IT'S UP TO ME TO GET US TO *MAINE.*

AND YOU KNOW HOW *UNCOM-FORTABLE* THIS CAN GET.

FWEE

KRIK

NO OFFENSE, LAD, BUT THAT *MOISTURE! MOLECULAR INVERSION* TRICK O' YOURS TAXES US ALL A BIT TOO MUCH T'MAKE IT USEFUL IN THIS SITUATION.

HOW DO YOU SUGGEST WE TRAVEL, THEN?

THREE OF US CAN FLY.

WE CAN CARRY THOSE WHO DON'T.

OF COURSE I DO.

YOU *SAVED* MY LIFE, MAGNUS. YOU FOUND ME.

— YOU MADE ME WHOLE AGAIN AND GAVE ME A REASON TO LIVE.

I HAVE *TOTAL* FAITH IN YOU.

NO, SEAN, THAT WOULD EXHAUST *YOU* AS QUICKLY AS ICEMAN'S METHODS.

EXODUS WILL *TELEPORT* ALL OF YOU THERE.

ME? BUT — I DON'T HAVE THOSE KINDS OF POWERS!

DO YOU *TRUST* ME, PARIS?

THEN THAT IS ENOUGH.

THE TIME HAS COME FOR YOU TO ***EXPAND*** THE USE OF YOUR ABILITIES.

BELIEVE THAT YOU CAN TELEPORT THE TEAM TO MAINE...

... AND YOU ***WILL*** DO SO!

AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PARIS, BELIEVE IN A ***CHEESE-BURGER,*** TOO.

HAVEN'T HAD ONE IN YEARS!

BOBBY...

OKAY, OKAY.

IF MAGNETO ***SAYS*** I CAN DO THIS...

SHIITZZ

... THEN I CAN.

THEY'RE... GONE?

FOR YEARS, I TRIED TO ***PREVENT*** EXODUS FROM USING HIS POWERS TO THEIR ***FULLEST*** –

– FOR FEAR HE MIGHT BECOME AS ***CORRUPTED*** AS THOSE WE ***OPPOSE.***

AND NOW?

NOW, MY BEFUDDLED FRIEND, I HAVE LITTLE CHOICE LEFT.

INDEED, ONCE YOU CAME INTO OUR LIVES...

"... I'VE DISCOVERED THAT CHOICE IS A LUXURY THAT IS QUICKLY FADING INTO NOSTALGIA."

ZZTTIFSH

HANDS, FEET, LUNGS... phew.

I DID IT!

NO TIME FOR APPLAUSE, LAD – WE'VE WORK T'DO...

The sun sets, evening comes.

A reminder that there are still **some** things not even *APOCALYPSE* can change.

He can own people, sculpting their flesh to his whim —

— but he has been unable to **destroy** their **fighting spirit.**

En Sabah Nur **respects** that.

Let them struggle and so shall the **fittest survive.**

Or, at the very least... **try** to survive.

Apocalypse never gave anyone a **guarantee...**

GIVE IT BACK!

CATCH ME IF YOU

OOMPH—!

I'M SORRY, SIR, I DIDN'T SEE YOU.

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, CHILD. BUT DO YOURSELF A FAVOR...

... AND *ALWAYS* LOOK WHERE YOU'RE *RUNNING.*

He will never have a son in this life, Pietro thinks.

A joy denied him by the choice he made to fight alongside his father.

And if the madman Bishop's words prove to be true, Pietro is thankful for that loss.

For the sacrifice that may come would have been too great to bear.

And he wonders — not for the first time —

— if his father thinks these thoughts —

— when Magneto looks at him and his younger brother Charles.

He doesn't know. His father has always been a mystery to him.

WHAT'S THE WORD?

HOPEFUL, BOBBY. THEY BELIEVE THIS TO BE A CHANCE FOR SALVATION.

AND THEY'RE WILLING TO *GAMBLE* THEIR LIVES ON THAT BELIEF?

AREN'T WE ALL, PARIS? AREN'T WE ALL?

IT'LL ALL BE A MOOT POINT, LADS...

"... UNLESS STORM MANAGES T'TAKE OUT THE *DEFENSE MONITORING TOWER* OFF THE COAST O' NEWFOUNDLAND."

Over the last hour, the **wind** has kicked up to hurricane levels.

Swells, twenty feet high, batter the manned security outpost.

A **lightning storm** has severely hampered communications around the area.

And Storm **still** isn't sure it'll be enough to **obscure** the Sentinels' approach.

So she tries one more thing — a rare thing for her — she **prays.**

MAIN MONITORING TO EXTERIOR WATCH --

— HAS THIS STORM KNOCKED YOU DOWN, TOO?

WE'RE STILL ON-LINE, BUT BARELY.

HOW *BAD* IS IT OUT THERE?

FROM WHAT WE CAN TELL --

-- THE *WORST* OF THIS WEATHER SYSTEM STILL HASN'T EVEN *HIT* US!

WE'RE NOTHING BUT *STATIC* IN HERE. FEED US WHAT YOU HAVE.

COPY. TRANSMITTING NOW.

THOSE AREN'T STORM CLOUDS – GOOD LORD, *NO–!*

SOMEONE SEND OUT AN EMERGENCY–

FWA THOOOM

It is not the first time *ORORO* has witnessed these mechanical monstrosities in action –

– but it is easily the most impressive.

The *HUMAN HIGH COUNCIL* appears to have dispatched the entire fleet from the *SENTINEL ATLANTIC PERIMETER PATROL* –

– in their desperate attempt to evacuate the humans.

THE INFORMATION MAGNETO OBTAINED *MUST* BE ACCURATE THEN.

THE EURASIANS ARE POISED FOR SOME KIND OF *ULTIMATE STRIKE* –

– AND APPARENTLY THEY SEEK TO RESCUE AS MANY INNOCENTS AS THEY ARE ABLE *BEFORE* THEY ATTACK.

THANK THE GODDESS, MY ELECTROSTATIC HALO SHIELDS ME FROM THEIR SENSORS – OR ELSE I WOULD HAVE SUFFERED THE SAME FATE AS THE STATION MASTER.

Storm has accomplished her task.

She enabled the Sentinels to break through the border defense shields before the mainland could be warned.

Barring any further opposition, the humans should have enough time to escape.

...and pray.

I *HEAR* SOMETHING.

JUST *THUNDER* OVER THE OCEAN.

On the coastline, they wait...

DON'T THINK SO. CAN'T SEE *ANY*THING FROM HERE!

GET A BETTER LOOK FROM THE CLIFF TOP.

JEREMY — *WAIT!*

But he doesn't.

He is too excited by the noise. By the electricity in the air.

By the opportunity to catch a fleeting glimpse...

WHAT THE —?!

...of hope.

HUH —?

MWWUUMPH—!

"THERE WILL *ALWAYS* BE ONE TO *CRUSH* THE SPIRITS OF THE FLATSCANS SHOULD THEY RISE TOO HIGH.

"THE HUMANS AND THEIR DELUSIONAL DREAMS WILL SIMPLY BE LEFT...

"... TO FALL INTO THE *ABYSS*... "

They erupt from the darkness...

...white-hot searchlights cutting a swath through the night.

They are not what the desperate crowd expected.

Not angels from on high speaking of deliverance but massive behemoths of destruction.

Children scream.

Fear builds and spreads like wildfire.

And panic, pure and ugly, sets in.

VOICE COMMANDS ON BROADCAST SPECTRUM.

ANOMALOUS PRESENCE IDENTIFIED: ***SUBJECTS***: LOGAN/GREY HAVE BEEN CATALOGUED AS A NON-THREAT BY THE HUMAN HIGH COUNCIL.

QUERY: IF ***ENGLAND*** IS THE CATALOGUED LOCATION OF THE DETERMINATE MUTANT SUBJECTS --

-- HOW CAN THEY BE PRESENT HERE?

ALL OPERATING PARAMETERS REALIGNED TO FACILITATE OUR EVACUATION PROGRAMMING.

ALERT: MUTANT PRESENCE DETECTED IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY.

SCANNING FOR IDENTI-FICATION.

FA SHA K

< SQRKK > UNIT UNDER < FSHSHTT > ATTACK --

WEWORK FORDAYS ONTHE PLAN

ANDTHEN WEPROCEEDTO IMPROVISE!

TYPICAL.

MAYBE SO, PIETRO –

– BUT THE *LIGHT PROJECTIONS* I CREATED OF LOGAN AND JEAN –

– GAVE *BENNET* ENOUGH TIME TO BLAST OPEN THE 'TEL'S TERMINAL CORE!

AND OUR *FEARLESS LEADER* WAS ABLE TO BEAT HIS BEST TIME BY HALF A SECOND!

I DO MY BEST WORK UNDER PRESSURE.

WE STILL HAVE TEN SECONDS BEFORE THE VIRUS INFECTS THEIR SYSTEMS.

ONCE WE'RE *CLOAKED* FROM THEIR SENSORS, WE CAN HELP WITH THE EVACUATION.

GREAT. BUT I HAVE ONE *TEENSY* QUESTION – EXACTLY *HOW* ARE THE PEOPLE BEING SHIPPED OUT?

STORM JUST SIGNALLED US. THEY'VE GOT A MASSIVE *CARGO TRANSPORT* ON ITS WAY.

MUTANTS CATALOGUED WITHIN VICINITY ARE RECLASSIFIED WITHIN SHARED DATANET AS SAFE-SCANS.

BINGO! WE CAN ALL BE *PALS* NOW.

I'LL TAKE DOWN MY ICE BARRICADES SO WE CAN START—

NEW MUTANT ACTIVITY REGISTERED.

HUH—?

TARGET ACQUIRED --

SHA

-- AND ELIMINATED!

BOBBY—

PIETRO, THE SENTINEL ATTACKED HIM?! BUT I THOUGHT —

THAT THE VIRAL PROGRAM WOULD PROTECT US FROM THEIR SENSORS?

SO DID I, ALISON.

ICEMAN ISN'T A PROBLEM.

HE'LL PULL HIMSELF BACK TOGETHER AGAIN —

— OR AS CLOSE AS HE USUALLY GETS TO NORMALITY —

— POOR SOUL.

BENNET IS RIGHT. THE *REAL* QUESTION HERE IS —

— WHY DIDN'T THE OVERRIDE DISK WORK?

OLD FRIEND — IT'S ***WORSE*** THAN YOU IMAGINE.

THE PROGRAM ***DID*** WORK.

BUT IF THE SENTINELS ***ARE*** DETECTING US —

— THEN ***WHO*** ARE THE MUTANTS THEY MENTIONED AS BEING ***SAFE-SCANNED?***

THAT WOULD BE ***US!***

COURTESY OF YOURS TRULY DOIN' A LITTLE ***CYBERSCRAMBLE*** OF YOUR DISK'S PROGRAMMIN' DATA.

WHO —?

OUR ***ULTIMATE*** NIGHTMARE, DAZZLER.

APOCALYPSE AND HIS MEN HAVE BEEN ONTO US FROM THE ***BEGINNING.***

SON OF THE ANTILORD — HERETICS ONE AND ALL — IN THE NAME OF THE MADRI I DEMAND YOU ***SURRENDER*** YOURSELVES!

END YOUR ***TERRORIST ACTIVITIES*** AGAINST HIS HIGH LORD EN SABAH NUR WITHOUT PROTEST —

— OR THE ANOINTED ***BROTHERHOOD*** OF THE CHAOS WILL END THEM...

... WITH ***EXTREME PREJUDICE!***

NEXT TRAPPED IN THE MIDDLE — OF THE **ABYSS!**